# Center [ 131 ]

[Double Rule]

# Center A Center FANTASTIC

[Double line capital]Is one that wears his Feather on the Ins*ide*  
*of his Head. His Brain is like Quicks*ilver,  
apt to receive any Impres*s*ion, but retain none.  
His Mind is made of changeable Stuff, that  
alters Colour with every Motion towards the  
Light. He is a Cormorant, that has but one  
Gut, devours every Thing greedily, but it runs  
through him immediately. He does not know  
s*o much as what he would be, and yet would*  
*be every Thing he knows. He is like a Paper-*  
*Lanthorn, that turns with the Smoak of a*  
*Candle. He wears his Cloaths, as the antient*  
*Laws of the Land have provided, according*  
*to his Quality, that he may be known what*  
*he is by them; and it is as eas*y to decipher  
him by his Habit as a [i] Pudding. He is rigg'd  
with Ribbon, and his Garniture is his Tackle;  
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all the res*t of him is Hull. He is s*ure to be  
the earlies*t in the Fas*hion, as others are of  
a Faction, and glories as much to be in the  
Head of a Mode, as a Solider does to be in  
the Head of an Army. He is admirably s*kil-*  
*ful in the Mathematics of Cloaths; and can*  
*tell, at the firs*t View, whether they have the  
right Symmetry. He alters his Gate with the  
Times, and has not a Motion of his Body, that  
(like a Dottrel) he does not borrow from s*ome-*  
*body els*e. He exercis*es his Limbs, like the*  
*Pike and Mus*ket, and all his Pos*tures are prac-*  
*tis*ed--Take him all together, and he is nothing  
but a Trans*lation, Word for Word, out of*  
*[i] French, [i] an Image cas*t in Plas*ter of [i] Paris, [i] and*  
*a Puppet s*ent over for others to dres*s thems*elves  
by. He s*peaks [i] French, [i] as Pedants do [i] Latin, [i]*  
*to s*hew his Breeding; and mos*t naturally,*  
*where he is leas*t unders*tood. All his non-Na\_*  
*turals, on which his Health and Dis*eases de-  
pend, are [i] s*tile novo. French [i] is his Holiday-Lan-*  
*guage, that he wears for his Pleas*ure and Or-  
nament, and us*es [i] English [i] only for his Bus*ines*s*  
*and neces*s*ary Occas*ions. He is like a [i] Scotch-  
man, [i] though he is born a Subject of his own

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Nation, he carries a [i] French [i] faction within  
him.  
  
#indent He is never quiet, but s*its as the Wind is*  
*s*aid to do, when it is mos*t in Motion. His*  
*Head is as full of Maggots as a Pas*toral Poet's  
Flock. He was begotten, like one of Pliny's  
Portugues*e Hors*es, by the Wind--The Truth  
is he ought not to have been reared; for being  
calved in the Increas*e of the Moon, he Head*  
*is troubled with a ---*  
  
*N.H. The las*t Word not legible.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
#Center K3